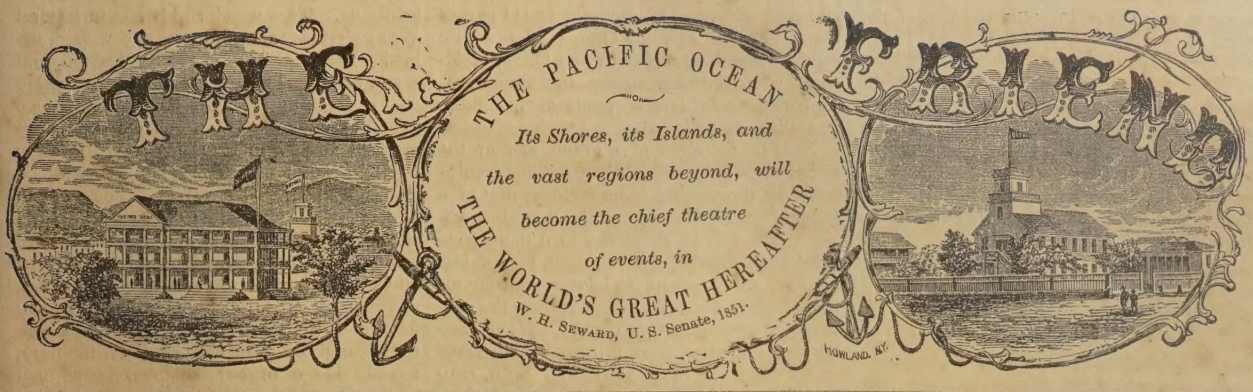

New Series, Vol. 26, No. 12.} HONOLULU, DECEMBER 4, 1877. {Old Series, Vol. 34.

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THE FRIEND.

DECEMBER 4, 1877.

END OF VOLUME XXXIV.

With this number closes another year and volume of the FRIEND. We really have no space left for moral reflections on the closing of the year or the flight of time. As we have furnished our subscribers with twelve numbers of our paper, in order that we may pay our printer and discharge all liabilities incurred in its publication, we trust our subscribers and friends will see the importance of making prompt payment when their bills are presented. If any error or mistake appears, the same will be rectified by making it known to the publisher.

—As we have not received our usual donations from the whaling fleet, we hope persons favorably disposed to the publication and gratuitous distribution of the FRIEND will not forget that five hundred copies of each number are distributed gratuitously. Donations thankfully received.

NEW BOOKS.—The number of new books seen at Whitney's bookstore, when his invoices are opened is gratifying, but still more gratifying to look in a few days after, and find most of them have disappeared and been scattered over the islands. Many of these books are among the best publications of the age,—historical, literary, scientific. Such books would not be ordered and sold, unless readers were found for them on different parts of the islands.

Hawaiian Centennial.

For several months we have been expecting that some of our English residents would take the initiative for a centennial celebration, if the government officials did not move in the matter. It really seems quite too bad, too unpatriotic, too stupid,—to allow so good an opportunity to pass without a respectable demonstration. Less than two months remain,—for January 18th, 1778, is the day when Cook is reported to have discovered these islands. Who will move in this matter?

To compare great things with small, the 18th of January is also memorable for another event of minor importance. On the 18th of January, 1843, thirty-five years ago, the first number of the FRIEND made its appearance, and has continued its monthly reappearance ever since.

MR. ASEU, one of the Chinese merchants of Honolulu, on his voyage to China via San Francisco and Japan, reports under date of September 17th the following persons as his fellow passengers, on board the *City of Peking*, from San Francisco to Yokohama:

From the American Board for Japan: Rev. Isaac Pierson and wife, Miss Lizzie B. Pierson, Miss Julia Wilson, Miss H. F. Parmlee.

From the Presbyterian Board: Miss Doctress G. J. Anderson, Miss Mary E. Barr.

From the Methodist Episcopal Board: Rev. H. H. and Mrs. Lowrie, Rev. W. G. Benton, Bishop J. W. and Mrs. Wiley.

Yokoyama, Japanese missionary, educated four years at a mission school in the United States, now returning home to do mission work.

Three going to Japan, and the others to China.

THANKSGIVING.—The day was observed as in former years, by public religious services at the Fort Street Church. An admirable discourse was delivered by Rev. Dr. Hyde, specially invited by our U. S. Minister Resident Mr. Comly. The sermon will be found in this week's *Gazette*.

RAMBLES IN THE OLD WORLD—No. 11

ELBERFIELD, Sept. 19, 1877.

DEAR FRIEND.—The French, you know, say, "*qui s'excuse s'accuse*," so that perhaps it will be wiser for me *not* to attempt any line of defense for my meagre epistolatory correspondence this summer but creep instead under the folds of your broad mantle of charity, finding balm for my conscience in the thought that you have found something far better than my rambling and random sketches for your columns. I am afraid that something of the "dolce far niente" of midsummer days must have had its effect upon me, for how otherwise could I have delayed telling you of my drifting from among Swiss scenes, and the presence of its snowy uplands and blue lakes, to this fair and fertile region which cradles the Rhine? And what a summer this has been for this world of ours, which seems to find wars and rumors of wars its perpetual heritage! With you, though a little nearer the scene of action, we have been watching the sad, bloody conflict which darkens all the eastern horizon and which seems to grow darker and more bloody as the summer gives place to autumn, and the first frost and chill in the air hint at the added wretchedness and anguish which must come to those on the wild, bleak battle-fields, unless *peace* comes with the early snows Then too, how wanly and beseechingly have all those countless famine-stricken faces in India been looking to us out of their dreadful and terrible need! And it is a pleasure to see how nobly hearts, both in England and the Continent, have been touched by this human agony. We are watching with intenstest interest to see whether there is anything to come of that thunder-cloud which seems to have been gathering over our next-door neighbors, the French, who are craving for a new sensation and revolution! Perhaps however the political tempest will vanish as the heat and muttering thunder from our autumn skies. What a superb tribute the French paid to the memory of the veteran Theirs, the other day. Rarely does such a tremendous throng follow a man to his tomb. A troublesome and annoying state of affairs also the American people have been meeting with, in their riots and strikes, which I trust have now been quietly adjusted. But really it is hardly my province in your columns,

to enter into the politics and troubles of the earth at large, and in leaving them I most sincerely hope that our Hawaiian skies have in them only the happiest portents for the future. It is pleasant to feel that there is one favored nook where the great tide of suffering and famine and bloodshed hasn't found its way. Peace now, and ever to your rustling cane fields, and, to this sunny Rhine-land where the grapes are purpling for the vintage!

OUT OF SWITZERLAND.

I promised to give you a running sketch of my trip from Geneva to Elberfeld, which I will now do, so far as the fading outlines can be re-produced:

Perhaps you have gleaned already from something I may have written how I found my way hither. Not in a very direct sort of a route but wandering and rambling in this way and that, something as the Rhine likes to do in one or two parts of its course. I wish I could tell you of all the places and people I have seen in the past few months, but this would certainly be too much even for your patience, which, kind and charitable as it is, must have its limits. Then too there keeps creeping in the thought that you know them just about as well as I do, and that you can point to innumerable people who have told the same story over and over again, and some so faultlessly that it seems sacrilege to utter a sound on the same subject. Far back as Johnson's time, you know, that prince of growlers, launched his criticisms on those who would enter upon such a well-worked field as that of continental travel, in a way to frighten any one.

BERNE.

I shall always remember a few hours under a very bright June sun in the old city of *Berne*, its historical scenes; its "bear-pit" and bears, singularly stupid, but which everybody goes to see; its quaint old fountains and statues and long arcades with their inviting scarlet-cushioned seats in the grey stone walls of the houses; the cathedral with its splendid views without and sculptured Christ within and above all the distant glimpses of the Bernese Oberland, veiling its snowy summits in shimmering snowy clouds, wafted through the air, heated by the early summer sun, brought refreshing thoughts of those far off retreats, which are full of inspiration to those who visit them and gaze upon the majesty and purity of the *Jungfrau*. Next came *Zurich* and its lovely lake, on whose shores I watched for several weeks the subtle growth of summer beauty, in the simple little Swiss village of Mannedorf, where is carried on a most interesting work founded by the well-known Dorothea Trudell. No where can you find more fragrant roses in June or kinder hearts the year round than in this lovely little spot, whose vineyards run down to the clear waters of Lake Zurich, and over which the distant *Rigi* keeps guard. Then by Zurich again, I rambled on to Basel. We call it *rambling* now-a-days you know, when people take a guide-book in hand and rush hither and thither in fear and trembling, that they are going to loose the "express" for the next station, if the crowd of porters and hotel keepers and souvenir-vendors and punctilious railway-officials, and the thousand and one additions to modern travel permit them to leave at all. One thinks with a sigh of these blessed days when Oliver Goldsmith won his way among the Swiss peasantry with the sweet notes of his flute, travelling as he listed.

Next to the sight of a grand face or the sound of a voice which has thrilled multitudes by the wonder of its melody, that of a famous river seems to me the most inspiriting. There is an eloquence in it more powerful than words; a mysterious, sympthetic quality which seems to have something almost human about it. How it links the centuries in one continuous chain! What numberless tragedies have mirrored themselves in its waters! Men work and fight, children laugh and play on its banks. Armies die its waters red with their blood generation after generation, castles are built and crumble away, but still the silent river holds its course unshaken, a symbol of eternity. But this is rhapsodizing, and quite unpardonable in a letter. But it is a little more pardonable perhaps when you stand for the first time on the Cathedral terrace at Basel in full view of the Rhine and of the splendid sweep which its pale green waters make at this point. It is really a magnificent sight devoid of all associations,—but with these—it is a feast for eyes and heart! No where have I seen the River to such good advantage as here. It broadens like a lake, full-sweeping, majestic, as if conscious of the magical spell which seems hidden in its waters, not clear and blue and crystalline like the blue Rhine at Geneva, but even in the glory of the full noon blaze of light, keeping the secret of its cool green depths. But more of this bye and bye—we shall soon be on it and can look more closely. Stepping into the Cathedral near the terrace, we see the stone to the memory of the learned Erasmus, whose learning by the way did not render him any more decided a character in the matter of the Reformation, in which he played, however, no insignificant a part. In one of the rooms of the Cathedral, are fragments of a most famous and peculiar mural painting, entitled the *Dance of Death*, formerly I think, on the walls of a cemetery. It is rather comforting on the whole that only ragged sections of it remain, for in all truth these are ghastly enough. The whole represented a wild carnival of grinning skeletons, whirling on terrified knights, shrinking girls, mitred Bishops, (whose mitres and crosiers were of little avail), wealthy burgers, and others of every class, to their doom. What uncomfortable imaginations some of those old painters seem to have had. The old house of Erasmus is not very far away, and a statue of Œcolampadius, who, notwithstanding his name, did good service among the Reformers.

STRASBOURG CATHEDRAL.

I watched the fading of the same daylight, which I had seen glittering in Basel on the Rhine at noontime, at sunset on the tower of Strasbourg Cathedral.

The singular roofs of the city, mounting story above story, the flat far reaching surrounding country from which the Prussians, not so very long since, tossed their uncomfortable cannon balls into the terrified town; the lines of ramparts fortifications, etc., all lay before us. This wonderful Strasbourg spire! What pigmies seem the men and women below! You feel indeed 'twixt heaven and earth, and yet far above this tower where we are standing there are heights which we have not gained. The round red sun is too near its dipping in the hazy west for us to try them to-night. There is a terrible fascination about the downward look, down, down, down! And there is only this little stone parapet between us and the fearful leap! Something of the same indescribable spirit which leads you on to the brink at Niagara, and draws you towards its gulfs of snowy foam and shattered rainbows, or holds you spell-bound on the near edge of the fiery, terrible surge of our Kilauea, keeps you here. Would the stone apostles, the winged angels or Gothic sculptures reach out helping hands in the whirling, murderous fall? One could scarcely find a more fitting spot for the scene of the prologue of Longfellow's "Golden Legend." Imagine these airy heights, wind-swept and storm-lashed, with Lucifer and his legions in their wild fury, hurrying on to their work.

> "Hasten! Hasten!
> O ye spirits!
> From its station drag the ponderous
> Cross of iron, that to mock us
> Is uplifted high in air!"

But I must be on my way leaving behind the city where Goethe so long studied, where Calvin found his wife, the seat of innumerable important events in history; the capital of those fair provinces which one always thinks of now-a-days in the guise of two sad-eyed peasant girls, whose hearts are still with "la belle France," Alsace and Lorraine.

BLACK FOREST.

What a world of witchery there is in the very sound of the words "Black Forest." Don't they make you long for the days when you read of dwarfs and giants and spirits, good and evil, of phantom steeds and huntsmen, that some how or other seemed to find a congenial home in these woods which lie so invitingly on the horizon in the gathering, mysterious gloom of the long twilight. It would have been a pleasure to have dived into them, but one can't see every thing, and this was not in my plan just then. I wonder if one would be disappointed; I can't think so. There seems too genuine a fragrance in these old German legends and fairy stories; you can almost hear the wind in the trees, and scent the perfume of the pines and catch glimpses of cool, shadowy lakes, whose surface the stars pierce with their silver gleams, and where deer stay for a moment their hurried flight. But the train rushes on and night shuts down on the world of spirits and men as we enter Heidelberg.

HEIDELBERG.

This place is charmingly situated on the river Neckar, is rich in historical associations, and is attractive to the tourist, chiefly from its university and its castle, which is certainly a most imposing and magnificent ruin. With the matins of the birds and the early morning walk to the glorious ivy-grown pile, which stands still as a sentinel above the city, faithful to its mediaeval trust—though scared and maimed—came one of those delightful surprizes which are

among the rare and beautiful things of travel. Out of my limited European experience there are very few places on this side the Atlantic better worth seeing. The wings of my rather too exuberant imagination have been clipped more than once during the past few months, but here every realization and anticipation has been more than fulfilled. Some one has written of it "next to the Alhambra of Grenada, the most magnificent ruin of the middle ages." I am afraid I shall never see the Alhambra, or hear the murmur of its fountains, except through the medium of Irving's splendid descriptions, but I shall never, never forget the glory of the old "Heidelberg Schloss," its ruin but adding to its perfect beauty, the remembrance of which, will, I trust, live in my thoughts and heart as greenly as does the ivy on its walls. The castle is situated on a wooded height just above the town, and is centuries old. One elector after another added to it, till it acquired huge dimensions. Long ago, the French General Melac had it blown up. And in 1764 the lightning came to complete the ruin. It would seem as if some curse had rested on its battlements. It would scarcely be possible for me in the compass of this letter to attempt a description of it, and I feel as if I should be wholly inadequate to do this as it should be done. The immensity of it at first confused me, as I came out of the narrow foot-path which I had followed up to the avenue which runs in its rear, and wandered about at my own sweet will. This led me under the leafy-sculptured portal or gateway which the elector Frederick V. caused to be erected in honor of his English wife, the Princess Elizabeth, and into the tree-shadowed garden beyond, the very perfection of a place for dreaming and love-making, then into the great castle-court and over its heavy drawbridge and under its raised port-cullis, and through its huge and massive gateway.

Every step of the way has its peculiar charm, and we would stay the sun in his course if we could. Before us is the paved and glistening court. How the horses' hoofs must have rung on it, in the brave old days! There is the *Ruprechts-Bau*, and there the granite columns from Ingelheim with their memories of Charlemagne, and there the *Friedrichs-Bau* and there—but what signify names in the presence of all this color and warmth and beauty? Just see how splendidly the golden sunshine illumines the facades of the palaces which face and encircle us and warm the sculptures and statues in their niches, and seems to find a sort of companionship in their rich and varied adornments. This is a terrestrial paradise for painters. I met one, whose Scottish birth had not checked his artistic spirit, and who was, as perhaps some of his stern countrymen might say, well nigh *daft* in the midst of all this beauty. For the instant, the dullest and most unimpressible of travellers must feel something of the throb of the poet in him at sight of the *Tower* which the French so cruelly blasted. It was a wickedly mean thing of them to do, but have we not on the whole gained by it? It stands like some great stone giant, shorn of his strength! Down in the ravine below fell huge gigantic masses, and the trees and shrubbery and thousand green and living things leaped up to hide their nakedness. They have crept up its sides, softening, embossing with their tangled and verdant growth its crumbling arches, even penetrating to its stony heart and in its broken and shattered old age, giving it a tenderness and beauty, which its proud and haughty youth never possessed. One needs an Ariadne in this labyrinth, or her silken-clue! Room after room open before you; long winding passages; banqueting halls, whose only frescoes are those of the drifting clouds and silver stars on the heavens above them; under ground passages where waves of ferns and mosses and trailing vines have swept in with the years. Then up to the battlements where the only pennants that wave in the summer air are those which the kindly hand of nature has unfurled, a symbol of the infinite peace which seems to brood over these walls. There are the chapel, the museum with a thousand interesting relics, and after all this splendid vision which is almost intoxicating in its poetry and beauty, it is well to come down to the earth again and visit the cellar and its famous "Tun," for the people who lived in this enchanted palace were of the earth, earthly. Can you imagine 49,000 gallons of wine? Then enclose it all in a cask, which is more like some bloated monster than anything else, and you have the Tun on which everybody mounts by ladder. To obtain an idea of its size, consider its dimensions, 32 feet long, and 22 feet high, holding 800 hogsheads. The circumference around the centre is 231 feet, and the diameter of the head 22 feet.

In my delight, I am keeping you very, very long over the castle; but I forget and live my visit over again. But just one moment more for a glimpse from the "Molkenkour," a height just above the castle and I am done. Heidelberg lies at our feet, with its roofs and spires and university, of whose fame you know so well, and beyond the long reach of the Neckar, "the dark green Eden world," the low-lying lands which border on the Rhine, fertile fields, and distant forests, a very quiet beautiful scene. But the morning sun is hurrying on and we must say "good-bye" to the sunny gardens and terraces where the good people of Heidelberg love to come for their beer and music; and out from the spacious balcony, down a cool and sloping path, into the busy life of travel again. And yet not just as before, for I have left my heart somewhere in your green fastnesses, dear old castle on the banks of the Neckar, and ever more, at mention of your name shall breathe a prayer that you may speak messages of beauty and tenderness to those who shall come after, as you did to me that rare morning in June!

F. W. Damon.

The Rev. George Morris.—We are happy to welcome, as a fellow laborer and gospel minister, this gentleman from California. He is the Pastor of a Congregational Church, in South Vallejo, but comes as Agent and Representative of the Good Templars of California. He was formerly a missionary of the London Missionary Society at Tahiti. On his arrival, he preached at the Bethel and Fort Street Churches, but is now absent on a tour to Hawaii and Maui. On his return, he hopes to spend some days in Honolulu. Something may be gathered of the efficiency of the Order from the following extracts from a circular published by the Order:

"The Grand Lodge of the Independent Order of Good Templars of the State of California, subordinate to the Right Worthy Grand Lodge, I. O. G. T., was instituted May 29th, 1860, and comprised at that time eleven subordinate lodges, holding a membership of less than five hundred. Since then by the employment of competent lecturers, printing temperance literature, and other available means, the principles of the Order have extended and been generally embraced, until now the subordinate lodges within this State exceed two hundred in number, and ten thousand in membership. Scarcely a town of importance, or a county within the State is without its "Lodge of Good Templars." The Grand Lodge of California has special jurisdiction also over the State of Nevada, and the Territories of Utah and Arizona, as also the Sandwich Islands, in each of which Lodges of the Order have been established and are now working.

JUVENILE TEMPLARS.

This is a juvenile institution recently formed for the benefit of the children of our land, and is directly under the patronage of the Grand Lodge.

THE WEEKLY RESCUE.

Fourteen years ago the Grand Lodge, feeling the neccessity of a representation in the newspaper world, founded and adopted as its official organ *The Weekly Organ*.

THE GOOD TEMPLARS' HOME FOR ORPHANS.

In 1869 a capacious and elegant structure was erected near Vallejo, in Solano County, and in October, 1870, it was dedicated and opend under the auspices of the Grand Lodge, and entitled the "Good Templars' Home for Orphans." Its title is not meant to convey any idea of exclusiveness as to the class admitted to its sheltering offices. On the contrary it is open to all; the only passport required at its portals is to be a homeless orphan child. Children under fourteen years of age are recived and cared for, and over seventy orphaned children are now being cared for within its walls. The buildings are sightly, capacious and pleasantly located. The Home is under the general management of a Board of Trustees, and Board of Lady Managers—the former comprising nine gentlemen of the Order, who have charge of the buildings, grounds, (20 acres), and financial matters, while the Board of Lady Managers is composed of eight prominent lady members of the Order, selected from various portions of the State, and has charge of the internal and domestic relations of the institution. Within the Home a graded school, under the "Public School System" of the State, is taught by two competent teachers. Upwards of $10,000 has been expended in the erection, care and maintenance of this institution. The Good Templars of this jurisdiction have accepted the self-imposed duty of sustaining this "Home" gratefully, and the membership is linked together in its support with unfaltering devotion.

RESULT.

The cause of tamperance has thus been promoted by all available and honorable means—by an organized association of men and women within the Lodge, and the youth and children within the Temples. By the education of all through the press, and from the platform and pulpit, and by tenderly caring for the children bereft of parents and natural guardians through the use of intoxicating drinks and concomitant crime. Thus do we claim ours to be the most powerful and complete temperance institution ever organized. An invitation is extended to all to "come and join us" and assist in this grand warfare in behalf of truth, temperance and morality.

THE FRIEND.

DECEMBER 4, 1877.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

HAWAIIAN ALMANAC AND ANNUAL FOR 1878.—Hawaii's Centennial, it being one hundred years since the discovery of these Islands by Capt. Cook. A hand book of information on matters relating to the Hawaiian Islands, original and selected, of value to merchants, planters, tourists, and others. Carefully compiled by Thos. G. Thrum. Fourth year of publication.

Mr. Thrum deserves much credit for the care and trouble which he has devoted to the preparation of this publication. No one who has not engaged in similar work can fully estimate or appreciate the work, hence we sincerely hope the public will evince their appreciation by liberally purchasing the ANNUAL. The table of chronological events is very valuable.

A HIGHER LAW.—The drift of a discussion which has been carried forward of late in our Honolulu weeklies, would lead the reader to infer that some of the writers and contributors imagined that if our Sabbath Laws and marriage regulations were abrogated or annulled, then being brought back to Rosseau's state of nature, they might live as they list, and do as they please. No doubt there are men who would be glad to witness such a triumph of sin and immorality, but would it not be well for all sober-minded and law-abiding people to keep in mind, that there is a Higher Law? We do not think that God and God's Law can be thus summarily voted out of existence. We should not suppose any one required more convincing proof of God's government over the world than the fearful retribution coming down upon transgressors of God's Moral Laws. Any one partially blind, we should suppose, might see that the "way of the transgressor was hard." The sad victims of intemperance, lust and crime, tell the story in language sufficiently plain to make a sensible man take warning. To repeal the laws relating to the sale of intoxicating liquors, the Sabbath and certain other practices would tend to foster and educate the *Hoodlum element* in our community, which element recently made the San Franciscans re-organize the Vigilance Committee, as their only safety from anarchy, flames and utter demoralization. We hope His Majesty and the authorities will give this subject a careful consideration before breaking away from established law and traditional usage. We trust the Higher Law is not altogether inoperative in this kingdom. It becomes the duty of every lover of good order, family purity and morality to uphold the authorities and be careful not to trample upon law.

DONATION from Capt. Cobb, of P. M. S. *City of New York*, $7.00 for the Honolulu Sailors' Home.

☞ By the last California mail, we received a letter from one of our old seafaring friends, whom we have known for a score of years. He has settled in Santa Rosa, where, he writes, are "good schools, eight churches and two colleges," and where he will be glad at all times, to give his island friends a "sailor's welcome." "I forward you," he adds, "a local paper with a statement made by one of our Ex-city-fathers. I think it is time such men were *shown up* to the public through your island papers."

It is not ordinarily in accordance with our editorial ideas, to notice the many foolish and erroneous statements which float back to the islands from the coast. Many of them are utterly absurd, and a notice would only lift them into importance. It appears that a man by the name of Gable, visited the islands some weeks ago, from Santa Rosa, and on his return, was interviewed by a reporter of the *Santa Rosa Daily Democrat*. We find the following in his report:

Have the natives any idea of literature? The natives are all educated in their own language. During my stay I did not find one who could not read and write. Have they any established religion? None by law, yet nine-tenths of the population belong to some church. Some are Catholics, some Protestants and some Mormons. The Protestants largely predominate. There are missionaries there of all these denominations, who tax every member of a family 25 cents per month for religious services, and sell them Bibles and other books at most exhorbitant prices. These missionaries become wealthy from tithes wrung from the poor and laboring classes. They are strongly opposed to any white immigration to the country. What are the accomodations for travellers? Outside of the cities no such thing is known as a public house. The natives live in houses made of grass, the floors are covered with matting. They are very hospitable. A stranger may travel all over the country and never be charged for anything he may eat or drink, yet he will be welcome to the best they have.

We have a distinct recollection of Mr. Gable. We invited him to our house and also met him at our office, taking special pains to furnish him with correct information about the islands and the people. He had very many questions to ask, and to the best of our ability, furnished him with the desired information. So far did we become interested, that when he expressed the desire for a lucrative office under the government we did what we could for him, by speaking to two government officials, but frankly informed him, that the office he desired required a knowledge of the native language, and unless he acquired the requisite knowledge, he must not expect the appointment. Perhaps his disappoinment in not obtaining this office may have rendered him rather disaffected towards the islands.

While bearing testimony to the intelligence and hospitality of the Hawaiians towards missionaries, he appears to have a special antipathy. We do not give him credit for believing what he stated to the reporter of the *Democrat*, and if he did believe it, and went away from the islands with such a ridiculous and absurd impression, then it does not speak very well for his good sense. The idea that missionaries have become "wealthy" from the sale of "Bibles" and "tithes," and that they are opposed to any "white immigration" is so absolutely absurd, that for a man of Mr. Gable's standing as a "city-father" of Santa Rosa, to believe appears ridiculous. Furthermore for any newspaper to print such foolish nonsense is equally ridiculous.

Until Californians have reformed their *Hoodlums* and refrained from abusing *Chinamen*, we think they might as well refrain from publishing false and ridiculous reports about our islands.

New Zealand Correspondence.

AUCKLAND, N. Z., Oct. 22d, 1877.

EDITOR OF THE FRIEND:—I see by your last issue to hand, by the R. M. S. S. *Zealandia*, that you have some notice of a letter written by H. B. Sterndale, and published in the *Weekly News* of June 2d. You also expressed a wish to have the preceding letters. By the mail leaving here by the *City of New York*, I send you six papers which contains the whole of the letters and trust that you will receive them safely.

By what you say in your notice quoted above a short sketch of Sterndale may not prove uninteresting to you, so I give you all I know of him.

He is a short, spare man, very dark and wears a most piratical look, dress and all. He has been for years sailing and residing amongst the Pacific Islands, and has sailed with the "Bully Hayes," of whom he always speaks very highly. He resided on the Island of Suwarrow for some years and claims it as his own property under the following circumstances:

The island was taken possession of by a company formed in Melbourne, who got a title for it from the British Admiralty, and they used it as a trading station for the production of copra and other island produce. There was reports of enormous treasures being buried on the island in the very early days by the "Wild Rovers," who frequented the Pacific, and they prospected for that as well. Sterndale was the manager of the company, and he resided on the island. After working at it for some considerable period, the company got into difficulties and found they could not pay what they owed Sterndale for wages and monies he had expended, and they ceded him the island in payment, and I understand that he got everything arranged with the British Admiralty to acknowledge him as the owner of Suwarrow. After knocking about the islands he came to this place and entered into a partnership with a mercantile firm (Henderson & Mac-

farlane) to work the island, and left with a vessel and crew to commence operations. Henderson & Macfarlane sending another vessel down to procure labor from other islands. Things went on smoothly for a time when a quarrel ensued and Sterndale and his wife were made "prisoners of war," by Henderson & Macfarlane's people, and sent here. Sterndale was to be tried for attempting to murder the Captain of one of the vessels, but the magistrates here refused to hear the case as they had no jurisdiction. Henderson & Macfarlane then commenced an action against him civilly to compel him to render an account of his receipts and expenditure, and whilst that was going on, a number of persons who were or had been connected with him amongst the islands raised money to buy and equip a vessel for the purpose of going down and taking forcible possession of the island. Henderson & Macfarlane to prevent Sterndale going had him arrested for debt and he was put into Limbo, where he remained until the vessel had gone, and he at once commenced action against Henderson & Macfarlane for false imprisonment. The firm got into difficulties, I believe, and to prevent himself coming under the composition with the other creditors, as he would have to do, Sterndale leaves the Colony and the action is at once quashed. It is stated that Sterndale has gone to London to get his papers proving the island to be his, which are in the hands of the British Admiralty, so he says, and will commence action against Henderson & Macfarlane on his return. You express some surprise that he has not mentioned the good the missionaries have done at the different islands, but you will not do so when I tell you that he in common with a great many more of his kind hate and detest these brave men who bring the savage out of the darkness in which he is. When the missionaries begin teaching the blacks, these men generally move further away from civilization, as their deeds would probably not bear the light of day.

We here in Auckland, have great respect for men who leave home, friends and every comfort to go out amongst savages and face death in its most horrid shapes for the purpose of shedding the light of God's gospel over the souls of the poor natives of the Pacific and other islands. Severel gentlemen born here have gone out as missionaries. Notably the Rev. Mr. Atkins, who was murdered with the good Bishop Patterson, of Milenesia, and the Rev. Geo. Browne, who inaugurated the mission to New Guinea.

* * *

Death of an Early Convert.

The manifestations of divine mercy are no where more striking than in the lives of the good. When instances occur of a long life-time of piety, closing with the humble hope of a blessed immortality,—especially when the departed have lived in our midst,—it may be useful to bring them to the notice of the community, for the edification and encouragement of the living. In a country like this, so recently redeemed from pagan benightment, all good christians must rejoice to find that there are bright examples of true christian life to be met with amongst the native population of these Islands. Such a bright example may be recorded in the case of a venerable native Hawaiian woman, who departed this life on Nov. 27th, at Nuuanu Valley. Her name was Julia Kealoha; she had been a widow for the last twenty-seven years, and she is supposed to have been in the eightieth year of her age at the time of her demise. She was born at Hamakua, on the Island of Hawaii, in the year 1798, as far as the date can be ascertained. When thirty years of age, she became a member of the Mission Church of Lahaina, only a few years after the arrival of the first christian missionaries at these Islands. During half a century she continued a worthy member of the church; and she had the special privilege to be engaged for one half of her long life-time, in the same missionary family, that of the Rev. D. Baldwin. Her love of prayer and her exemplary conduct edified all those who knew her, and for this reason she was greatly beloved by her pious Hawaiian brethren and sisters. During the whole course of fifty years, from her first admission to church-membership down to her dying hour, never was there heard even one word of accusation or suspicion against her spotless christian reputation. Her death was like her life, holy and peaceful. She has gone to receive her eternal reward with the hope of a true Christian and a good and faithful servant of the Lord. To firm believers in the religion of the Christ, it must be both edifying and consoling to read the simple narrative of the earthly career of this poor old Hawaiian woman, a contemporary of the great pagan conqueror Kamehameha, and an eye-witness of the arrival of the first Christian Missionaries upon those then heathen shores, who occupied for fifty years the very holiest place in the fold of the Church, unnoticed by the multitude blindly bent upon worldly vanities, while she sought alone to lay up treasures incorruptible and eternal. Her edifying life and holy end may well claim a serious thought even from the most frivolous and worldly-minded, and it is a pleasing duty for us to record this bright example of a truly christian and virtuous life—however lowly—amongst the converted women of the once pagan and benighted Hawaii nei. There are but few left of her sort. She

"Clung to her faith—'twas higher than the thought
That questioned of her faith."

—*P. C. Advertiser, Dec.* 1.

Rev. George Prichard.—This English missionary, formerly residing at Tahiti, we are gratified to learn, is still living and able to preach. Our informant, Mr. Arundel, says that Mr. Prichard now preaches twice and sometimes thrice upon the Sabbath, being vigorous and hale at the age of four score and more. Mr. Prichard will be remembered as having officiated as British Consul at the Society Islands, at the period of the French troubles, about forty years ago.

☞ We would acknowledge, from Mrs. Taylor, of London, copies of Spurgeon's "Sword and Trowel" for July, August and September.

— From Dr. N. Allen, of Lowell, Mass., a copy of the "Sanitarian," and other publications.

— From Prof. Hitchcock, of Amherst College, a copy of his "Hygiene in Amherst College."

— From Rev. Dr. Grammer, of Baltimore, a copy of "The Baltimore Pulpit."

—Also from the following persons of this city: Mrs. Paty, papers; Castle & Cooke, books; Mrs. Hillebrand and Rev. S. E. Bishop, magazines,—all for gratuitous distribution.

MARINE JOURNAL.

PORT OF HONOLULU, S. I.

ARRIVALS.

Nov. 4—Am bk Camden, Robinson, 31 dys fm Port Gamble.
6—Am wh bk Rainbow, Cogan, from Arctic.
6—P M S City of New York, Cobb, 13 days and 19 hrs from Auckland.
9—Haw bk Courier, Ahlborn, 16 days from San Fran.
9—Haw schr M E Foster, Sears, 18 dys fm Port Ludlow
10—Am bk Colombia, Johnson, 27 days from Tahiti.
14—P M S Australia, Cargill. 7 dys frm San Francisco.
17—Am wh bk Norman, Campbell, from Arctic.
17—Nicaraguan bktne Christina A P Capra, 60 days from Hongkong.
18—Am bktne Jos Perkins, Johnson, 26 days from Port Gamble.
21—Am bk H W Almy, Widdenson, 22 days from San Francisco.
21—Am bk D C Murray, Fuller, 17 days from San Francisco.
23—Bolivian bk Remejio, Howard, 62 days from New Castle, en route for San Francisco.
25—Am schr Cassie Hayward, Hayward, fm Lahaina, Maui.
28—Haw schr Minnehaha, Freeman, 22 days from San Francisco.

DEPARTURES.

Nov. 2—Am bktn J A Falkinburg, Hubbard, for Portland O
3—Haw bk R C Wylie, Wolters, for San Francisco.
3—Haw brig Julia M Avery, Avery, for Tahiti.
7—P M S City of New York, Cobb, for San Francisco
12—Am bk Camden, Robinson, for Port Gamble.
15—R M S Australia, Cargill, for Auckland.
22—Haw bk Courier, Ahlborn, for San Francisco.
22—Am wh bk Milton, Hamblin, to cruise.
24—Bolivian bk Remejio, Howard, for San Francisco.
24—Am bktne Jos Perkins, Johnson, for Port Gamble.
24—Nicaragua bktne Christina A P. Capra, for Callao.
28—Am bk Columbia, Johnson, for San Francisco.
30—Am schr Cassie Hayward, Hayward, for San Fran
Dec 1—Am schr Mary Swan, Jacobsen, for Flint's Island
3—Am wh bk Hunter, Homan, to cruise

PASSENGERS.

For San Francisco—Per Bonanza, Oct 30— Jno T Inman and wife.

For Astoria and Portland—Per J A Falkinburg, Nov 2—Miss Miller.

From Port Gamble—Per Camden Nov 6—J B Kellogg.

For San Francisco—Per City of New York, Nov 6—J M Davidson, B Adams, L C Owen wife & child, O Hill, Dr W Cheney, Jno Spence, A Unna, Miss Gorman & nephew, J S Josselyn & wife, Mrs B F Josselyn, J Walker, G W Dickie W W Durham & wife, W H Dimond, Miss Ada Van Winkle, Miss Alice Van Winkle, J J Yates, F R Mellis, J C Glade, wife & children, Mrs M Webster, W W Taylor, E Hillman, Mrs Sarah Cushingham, H Cautsland, Ah Sin.

From Puget Sound—Per Mary E Foster, Nov 9—Capt I Hall.

From New Castle, N S W—Per Columbia, Nov 10—Mr Wrett, wife and daughter.

For Port Townsend—Per Camden, Nov 13—Capt I Hall, Mr Wrett, wife and daughter.

From San Francisco—Per Australia, Nov 14—Mrs P P Shepherd, daughter and infant, F J Scott, W P Toler, Miss M Connell, H Alexander, Miss Gothe, J A Arundell, Miss May, H May, C C Knowles, F A Schaefer, Rev Geo Morris, J R Whitney and daughter, Rev Mr Moncany, Mrs Hickmott and daughter, Alex Young, Jacob Miller, Mrs Fred Barnard, H A Widemann, J C Merrill, T F Hackfeld, H H Jones, Eli Peck, O H Jones, Capt B F Homan, O Waterhouse, H C Meyers, D Monroe, Alex Wallace, Mrs F L Flynn and 2 children, T W Bartholf, C C Seafoot, E W Manshall, Jas Hanlow, Wm Marriott and 13 Chinamen.

From San Francisco—Per D C Murray, Nov 21—Miss R Lackmann, Mrs T C Sands, E N Walker, wife and 4 children, Mr Townsend, wife and daughter, J L Richardson, J M Bryant, C Selig, W S Dryer, L H Lichtenstein, A J Racine, Col Norris, M F Weeks, E A McDuffy, M Edward, L Breman, 24 Chinese and 16 Hrwaiian seamen.

For San Francisco—Per Courier, Nov 22—B F Sears.

For San Francisco—Per Columbia, Nov 27—J C Kellogg, A Sanford.

MARRIED.

Cummings—Jackson——At Makawao, Maui, Oct 25th, by the Rev J S Green, Mr William H Cummings to Miss Clarissa E M Jackson.

Robinson—Campbell.—At St Andrew's Cathedral, Nov 20th, by the Rev A Mackintosh, Col. Mark Previer Robinson, to Sophia Louise, daughter of Alex Campbell, Esq, all of Honolulu.

Parker—Kekoa.—In this city, Nov 22d, by Rev M Kuaea, Mr Robert Parker to Miss Sarah Kekoa, both of Honolulu.
☞ No Cards.

DIED.

Borres—At Liverpool, 23 miles from Sydney, N. S. W., on Sept. 29th, of consumption, Capt. Benjamin Borres, aged 53 years, formerly of Honolulu, where he was for many years engaged in the coasting trade.

Roberts—At Kupeke, Molokai, Oct 27th, of lingering illness of nearly 2 months continuance, Mr. John Roberts, an Englishman by birth and for the last 10 years a resident of these islands. He leaves a wife to mourn his loss.

☞ Letters will be found at the office of the Friend for the following persons: John Tonice, Samuel Fagans, Edward J Newhall, Charles Gavet.

A Lull in Life.

"And He said unto them, Come ye yourselves apart into a desert place, and rest awhile: for there were many coming and going, and they had no lesiure so much as to eat."—Mark vi. 31.

Oh for "a desert place" with only the Master's smile!
Oh for the "coming apart" with only His "rest awhile!"
Many are "coming and going" with busy and restless feet,
And the soul is hungering so, with "no lesiure so much as to eat."

Dear is my wealth of love for many and valued friends,
Best of the earthly gifts that a bounteous Father sends;
Pleasant the counsel sweet, and the interchange of thought,
Welcome the twilight hour with musical brightness fraught.

Dear is the work He gives in many a varied way.
Little enough in itself, yet something for every day,
Something by pen for the distant, by hand or voice for the near,
Whether to soothe or teach, whether to aid or cheer.

Not that I lightly prize the treasure of valued friends,
Not that I turn aside from the work the Master sends,
Yet I have longed for a pause in the rush and whirl of time,
Longed for silence to fall instead of its merriest chime.

Longed for a hush to group the harmonies of thought
Round each melodious strain that the harp of life hath caught,
And time for the fitful breeze Æolian chords to bring,
Waking the music that slept, mute in the tensionless string;

Longed for a calm to let the circles die away
That tremble over the heart, breaking the heavenly ray,
And to leave its wavering mirror true to the Star above,
Brightened and stilled to its depths with the quiet of "perfect love:"

Longed for a sabbath of life, a time of renewing of youth,
For a full-orbed leisure to shine on the fountains of holy truth;
And to fill my chalice anew with its waters fresh and sweet,
While resting in silent love at the Master's glorious feet.

There are songs which only flow in the loneliest shades of night,
There are flowers which cannot grow in a blaze of tropical light
There are crystals which cannot form till the vessel be cooled and stilled;
Crystal, and flower, and song, given as God hath willed.

There is work which cannot be done in the swell of a hurrying tide,
But my hand is not on the helm to turn my bark aside;
Yet I cast a longing eye on the hidden and waveless pool,
Under the shadowing rock, currentless clear, and cool.

Well: I will wait in the crowd till He shall call me apart,
Till the silence fall which shall waken the music of mind and heart;
Patiently wait till He give the work of my secret choice,
Blending the song of life with the thrill of the Master's voice.

FRANCES RIDLEY HAVEGAL.

Island of Suwarrow.

Reference to this island will be found in our New Zealand Correspondence. This island is thus described by H. B. Sterndale, in the *Weekly News* of March 10, 1877:

"In a direct line between Auckland and Honolulu, and nearly about half way, is situated the island of Suwarrow, an immense triangular atoll, about 50 miles in circuit, enclosing a land-locked harbor, 10 miles by 7 in diameter, with a convenient entrance for the largest class of vessels, upon the enclosing coral reef of which a man may traverse at low tide the whole extent with the exception of the one channel. There are 12 islets or cays, ranging from about 20 to 200 acres in extent. Some of these are covered with tall forest, others with good grass, while the rest are mere barren rocks clothed with ironwood scrub. No fresh water has been discovered upon any of them except such as after rains may have been found in the hollows of rocks or in the boles of trees. There are cocoanut trees in all stages of growth, but not more than 100 in full bearing. The soil of the larger islets is extremely fertile and of great depth. The entrance channel is wide and deep, opening straight down from north to south (without an angle or bend of any kind), the most suitable direction with regard to the prevailing wind, which blows steadily from the eastward during the greater part of the year. Marines acquainted with this place (of which there are not many) do not hesitate to go in or out on a clear night without apprehension, as there are no hidden dangers or rocks below the surface above the level bottom, which carries 5 fathoms of water at the lowest tides. Within the harbor are all depths from 30 fathoms, shoaling to the beach, with a fine sandy bottom, white as snow. Beyond the outer reef are no outlying dangers, either in the shape of promontories or detached rocks, neither is there any land within 160 miles of it in any direction. The shallow portions of the vast lagoon which forms the harbor produce great quantities of oysters of a superior kind, as likewise *bechede-mer* of the largest and most valuable species. The existence of this island was first reported about 50 years ago, by one Lieutenant Lazareff, a Russian, who named it after the famous Muscovite, General Suwarrow, whom Byron describes, in his "Don Juan," as conducting the siege of Ismael. Lazareff landed upon it, but, by his own account, found no living creatures save only birds, crabs, and rats. He does not appear to have found any entrance, for he makes no mention thereof, neither to have noticed any cocoa palms, although there must have been many in existence at the time of his visit. In fact he seems to have mistaken it for a mere bank of coral gravel, washed up by the sea, and overgrown with forest and scrub, upon which no subsistence could be found for man.

Nothing more appears to have been known of this island until 1855, when an American whale-ship called the Gem ran ashore upon it. She was full of oil, and being copper-fastened throughout, offered a great prize to any adventurous wreckers who might undertake the breaking up of her. She was driven far up on the flat reef, so that at low tide the water was not more than knee deep alongside of her. A hole was stove in her bilge, out of which rolled three casks of oil, which were carried away by the sea; they were picked up soon after, floating side by side, off Falealupo, in Savaii, 600 miles due west of the scene of the wreck, which will give an idea of the uniform direction of the current in this locality. The captain an crew made their way to the Navigators Islands in their boats, and afterwards went to Tahiti. There the wreck was sold to Messers. Hort Brothers, merchants of that place, who despatched one of their vessels with a supercago in search of it. It was in company with this gentleman that I first visited the island of Suwarrow. He superintended the breaking up of the wreck, which turned out immensely profitable; discovered the pearl fishery, and after six weeks of unsuccessful search, dug up a box of specie, which from its dimensions could not have contained much less than 15,000 dollars. Whether he had dreamed of its existence, or upon what mysterious information he acted, was known to himself only. One fact is very remarkable,—that he was acquainted from the day of his first landing, with the precise spot, within a few rods, where this treasure had been concealed. Some years after this occurrence, another associate of mine unearthed, upon a detached islet, about a mile distant from the locality of the former deposit, 2400 dollars, which had been buried at the root of an old ironwood tree. He declared he had been informed of this many years before, by a stranger, whose acquaintance he had made in a grog-shop of Tahiti. This man professed never to have been at this island, but nevertheless was able to describe very circumstantially the place of concealment of the hidden treasure, the aspect of the islet, and the form and bearings of the tree, which leaned over to the eastward in a peculiar manner. None of the coin was of this century: some of it was very old and black, and of a date coincident with the era of Commodore Anson. The finder possessed still further information (which he imparted to me very minutely) of other similar but more valuable deposits, but fate did not afford him an opportunity to profit by his knowledge, for he died uyon the island of Manihiki, where he went to visit his wife, very shortly thereofter. The stripping and burning of the wreck having been completed, the Caroline Hort, the vessel employed on that service, took her departure, and the island was left to its primeval solitude.

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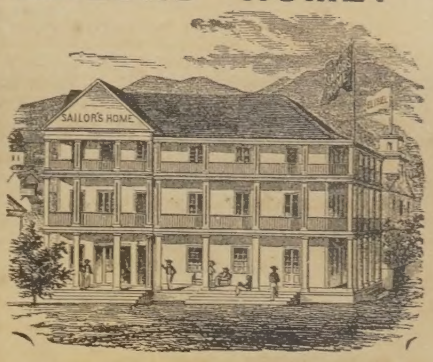

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Pure religion and undefiled before God, the Father, is this:
To visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction, and to keep one's self unspotted from the world.

Edited by a Committee of the Y. M. C. A.

The Belfry Pigeon.

On the cross-beam under the Old South bell
The nest of a pigeon is builded well.
In summer and winter that bird is there,
Out and in with the morning air;
I love to see him track the street
With his wavy eyes and active feet,
And I often watch him as he springs,
Circling the steeple with easy wings
Till across the dial his shade has passed,
And the belfry edge is gained at last.
'Tis a bird I love, with its brooding note
And the trembling throb of its mottled throat;
There's a human look in its swelling breast
And the gentle curve of its lowly crest;
And I often stop with the fear I feel—
He runs so close to the rapid wheel.

Whatever is wrung on the noisy bell—
Chime or the hour or funeral knell,
The dove in the belfry must hear it well.
When the tongue swings out to the midnight moon—
When the sexton cheerily rings for noon—
When the clock strikes clear at the morning light—
When the child is waked with "nine at night"—
When the chimes play soft in the Sabbath air,
Filling the spirit with tones of prayer—
Whatever tale in the bell is heard,
He broods on his folded feet unstirred
Or rising half in his rounded nest
He takes the time to smooth his breast
Then drops again with filmed eyes
And sleeps as the last bibration dies.

Sweet bird! I would that I could be
A hermit in the crowd, like thee!
With wings to fly to wood and glen:
Thy lot, like mine, is cast with men;
And daily with unwilling feet,
I tread, like thee, the crowded street;
But, unlike me, when day is o'er,
Thou canst dismiss the world, and soar,
Or, at a half-felt wish for rest,
Canst smooth the feathers on thy breast
And drop, forgetful, to thy nest.

I would that in such wings of gold
I could my weary heart upfold
And, while the world throngs on beneath,
Smooth down my cares and calmly breathe;
And only sad with other's sadness
And only glad with other's gladness
Listen, unstirred, to knell or chime,
And, lapt in quiet, bids my time. N. P. Willis.

Y. M. C. A. Notes.

The State Convention of Young Men's Christian Associations of Massachusetts was held in Natick, on Wednesday and Thursday, Oct. 10th and 11th, at Clark's Hall, Russell Sturgess, Esq., of Boston, presided, assisted by a large staff of vice-presidents and secretaries. Forty-two associations were represented in the state report, embracing four thousand members, and verbal accounts of more than half were rendered to the Convention.

The interest of the exercise centered in the presence and addresses of Rev. Joseph Cook, Rev. L. T. Townsend, D. D., Rev. L. W. Munhall, of Indiana, Rev. A. J. Gordon, and Mr. L. P. Rowland, of Philadelphia, who respectively addressed the sessions on the topics appointed for consideration. Among these topics were the following: The Power of Personal Effort; Association Work in Colleges; Christian Workers—the qualifications necessary to success; Present condition of Associations in the State; and Bible Instructions in the Light of Science. The latter theme was expounded by Prof. Townsend who made this point among others: "The teacher must be prepared to answer the honest doubts of inquirers who find in this scientigc theories of Darwin Huxley and other modern investigators' stumbling blocks to their faith. Instead of maktng the sweeping statement that Darwinism and like theories are atheism the teacher should show what is true, that these modern scientists have a profound reverence for God and that there are numbers of devout Christians who are Evolutionists and who look on Evolution as God's method in creation. The result would be a new and strengthened faith in the truth of the Scriptures. So with respect to other questions of science, the brightest intellects will not accept for an answer to their queries a sweeping condemnation of these theories."

Mr. Cook in his address upon Christian association work in its relations to and claims upon the Church was effective as usual, commending the associations in the strongest terms, and arguing that the day was past when any justification of their existence was called for. To the Young Men's Christian Association idea he accorded the revival movements of the past year.

Incidental to the regular meetings of the Convention were the usual devotional exercices, including an open air meeting on the common, on Wednesday evening, at half-past six, and a "gospel meeting" later in the Hall. The attendance throughout the two days was excellent, including two hundred and forty-five delegates. The hospitality of the Natick brathren was generous; and a generally good time was enjoyed.

Among the resolutions passed was one inviting Moody and Sankey to continue their work the present winter.—*Congregationalist.*

At a recent meeting of the Honolulu Y. M. C. A., it was voted that the regular meetings of the Association be held hereafter on the second Friday before the full moon, in the second month of each quarter.

At a recent Y. M. C. A Convention held at Cambridge, Vt., it was stated by the Secretary of the State Executive Committeee, that during the past year, sixty-nine places were visited; among them, four where there were no churches, and ninety-nine gospel meetings were held. Thirty-six of the churches report eight hundred and thirty-five conversions; thirty-five report an aggregate of three hundred and ninety-nine additions. The State is divided into four districts and each district is in charge of a srcretary. There is also a general secretarv for the State.

At a recent reunion of the Y. M. C. A. of Bordeaux, France, the very zealous and efficient General Secretary bade the Association farewell to enter the evangelical ministry, to which he goes with many prayers.

The Y. M. C. A. of Binghampton, N. Y., holds a gospel meeting every Sunday afternoon at five o'clock at the Erie depot for railroad men. At the same time a Bible class is held at the rooms, preceded by a service of song. On Sunday morning a prayer and praise meeting is held especially for young men.

A series of interesting meetings have been held the past season under the auspices of the Y. M. C. A. of Providence, R. I. Mr. E. D. Ingersoll, the agent of the executive committee railroad men, held meetings recently at Providence in behalf of this class. It is probable that steps will be taken to organize a railroad branch.

The revision of the Bible now in progress is being conducted in such a conservative spirit that ninety-five per cent. of the people will not know the new Bible from the present revision. Among the changes that have been agreed upon are the following: The fourth verse of John v. will be excluded; the passage in John i. concerning the three heavenly witnesses will be omitted; "straining at a gnat" will be translated "straining a gnat." Other changes will be these: "Have ye received the Holy Ghost since ye believed?" will be translated, "Did ye receive the Holy Ghost when ye believed?" "Baptizing in the name" will be translated, "Baptizing into the name"; the passage in Peter, chapter ii. verses 1-5, "Add to your faith virtue, and to virtue knowledge," will be changed to read, "In your faith minister virtue, and in your virtue knowledge"; the reference in John, chapter x., verse 16, "One fold, one shepherd," will be corrected to "One flock, one shepherd"; "The love of money is the root of all evil," will be changed to "The love of money is a root of all evil."